A DEFERRED DUEL

We were all officers of the line stationed in a small town. In our circle there was one Prussian, a man of about 35 years old, and o serious, almost gloomy, habits. He had dis tinguished himself as an officer of the Tenti hussars, and no one could imagine why he had left that regiment to live in a wretcher little place where life was so monotonous.

His principal occupation was pistol shoot ing, and the walls of his room were literally honeycombed with bullet holes. Buelwere often the theme of our conversation but Sylvio never took part in such discussions. If asked if he had ever fought a duei, would simply answer, "Yes," in a tone to indicate that any further questioning would be disagreeable to him.

One day while we were at casds a stranger who had joined us became angered at some thing Sylvio said, and insulted him. All sup posed that the stranger would on the morrow fall a victim to Sylvio's skill; but next morning at review, while we were wondering whether the young lieutenant was alive he suddenly appeared in person. Sylvic did not allude to the matter. As he had reesived an insult without resenting it we gradually dropped him from our circle.

One morning he received a letter. watched him as he tore it eagerly open and perused its contents with flashing eyes. His strange manner passed unnoticed, each one being absorbed in his own affairs. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am obliged to leave here at once-to-night, in fact-but beg you will all tine with me for the last time. And I expect you, especially, without fail," he added, turning to me. He then hurriedly left us.
When I reached Sylvio's lodgings in the

evening, my fellow-officers had preceded me. The furniture had already been removed, leaving nothing but the bare walls, so curiously honeycombed with bullet hoies. Our host was in good spirits, and we soon all fellowed suit; champagne-corks flew about, glasses were filled and refilled, and all heartily bade our friend God-speed. It was late when we rose to go. When my turn came to say good-bye, Sylvio seized my hand and whispered:

"I must spoak with you." I remained. When the guests had left, he seated himself opposite me, and for some time we smoked in silence. Sylvio was deep in thought; not a sign remained of his nervous gayety. As I looked at his pale face and eyes, encircled by the thick stroke of our pipes, he had the appearance of a spirit of the nother world. At last he broke silence;

"We shall probably not meet again. I wish to speak a few parting words. You may have observed that I care little for public opinion, but I like you, and would regret leaving you under a false conception of my character.

He stopped to refll his glass. I remained silent

"You have thought it strange I did not exact satisfaction from that drunken idlot who insulted me at eards. Having the choice of weapons, his life was in my hands, and mine in comparative security. I might attribute my behavior to grandeur of soul, but dislain to lie; could Thave puntshed him without risking my life, he would not have escaped."

I raised my eyes to Sylvio in horror; such a confession repelled me.

"Yes, that is the truth." he continued. "I had no right to risk my life. Bix years ago I received a blow, and the man who struck me still lives."

My curiosity was quickly excited. "You did not fight!" I asked.

"We fought, and here is the proof," he arswered, at the same time taking up a soldier's ap and placing it upon his head. I noticed a small round hole just above his forehead. "I served in the Tenth hussars. You know me, and perhaps have seen that I used to be first in everything. In my youth it was to me an absolute necessity that it should be so. In my day it was fashionable to be fast; I was the wildest vonnester in the regiment in the army, I might say. Hard drinkers were much applauded. I could out-drink the famous Dobroski, whose prowess in that line was celebrated. In our regiment duels were of more than daily occurrence, and in each one I was either principal or second. My brother officers worshiped me, and my superiors let me alone as an incurable case.

"I was enjoying my laurels when a young man, rich and of illustrious lineage-permit me to withhold his name-joined us. Never had I met a more gifted man-young, talented, handsome, gay to excess, brave as a lion, of unbounded wealth-all these advantages were his besides his great name. You an well imagine the place he at once took among us. My sway was over. He at first sought my friendship, but was repulsed and frew back with indifference. I hated him: his popularity filled me with rage. I tried to traw him into a quarrel, but his answers to all my sarcastic speeches were so much wittier than mine that my rage and jealousy grew apace, for I felt his superiority. At length, one night at a ball seeing him courted by all, and specially by a young lady I greatly admired, I approached him and whispered a bitter insult in his ear. This was too much, and, losing his temper, he struck me full in the face. We drew our swords, the ladies fainted; and although bloodshed was prevented on the spot, a duel was arranged for that very night. "At daybreak I was at the appointed place

with two seconds, awaiting my rival with much impatience. It had been a sultry night, and the sun, just rising, was oppressively hot. In a few moments I sawhim coming leisurely toward me, on foot and with only one second. I advanced and saw he held his cap, which was full of cherries, in his hand. I had the right to shoot first, but my pulse beat so that I could not be sure of my aim, and therefore insisted that he should shoot first. He refused. We then agreed to draw lots. Fortune favored her darling. He shot and the bullet piercod my cap.

"It was my turn now-at last his life was in my hands. I looked eagerly at him, trying to find the slightest sign of fear. He was quietly awaiting my shot, eating his cherries, the pits of which he threw at my feet. It was exasperating. 'What is the use,' thought I, of taking a life so little valued? A devilish thought struck me. Dropping my hand, I

"Since you are breakfasting so calmly, you are scarcely prepared to die. Allow me to wait until you have finished your cherries.' Do not distress yourself sir, I pray, he answered. 'You have one shot at me.

present, or at any time, I am at your serv-"I turned to my seconds, saying: 'I will not

shoot to-day.' "The duel was over. "I asked for leave of absence, and came to this little town, where revenge has been my

daily thought. The time has come."

Sylvio handed me the letter he had received that day. Some one-an agent, I believe-

wrote to say that that the "individual in ques tion was about to marry a beautiful young girl." "You know," continued Sylvio, "who is the "individual" alluded to. Well, I go to Moscow

to-night, and we will see if to-morrow or the day after he will be as indifferent to death a the morning he was ecting charges."

Sylvio stood up, and pared up and down the room like a caged tiger. I watched him intently and could see the florce struggle the

conflicting passions held in his breast.

In a moment the servant entered to say the horses were ready. Sylvio grasped my hand we embraced, and, hurricilly seizing a travel ing-bag and brace of pistols, which proved his only baggage, he sprang quickly into the carriage and was gone.

Many years after, business made it imperative for me to settle in the little town of Staroduv. Within four miles of my house lay a fine property belonging to the Countes Bercheneff. No one but the overseer lived there-the countess had spent only the first month of her marriage on her beautiful es tate. About two years after my coming to Staroduv, it was rumored that the countess and her hashand would come to spend the summer at the their beautiful country-seat. In fact, they arrived at the beginning of June, and, as was to be expected, their advent caused quite a commotion in our little town. For my part, the coming of such charming neighbors made quite a change in my life. I was especially anxious to meet the countess, and, accordingly, the first Sunday after their arrival I called to present my respects, as being their nearest neighbor. I was shown into the count's private sittingroom, which was luxuriantly furnishedbooks, bronzes, rugs, bric-a-brac, an immense mirror over the mantelpiece, etc. It was so long since I had seen any finery of the kind that a strange shyness came over me, and I awaited my host's entrance with feelings akin to the trepidation of an office-

The door opened to admit a handsome noble-looking man, about 33 years of age, who advanced and held out his hand with a pleasant smile. His frank and cordial reception somewhat restored my equanimity, and I was beginning to regain my usual manner, when the countess entered and I at once relapsed into my former shyness. A truly beautiful woman! The count presented me, and I floundered about trying to appear at ease, but in reality feeling very hot and uncomfortable. Perceiving my embarrassment and with true tact and good breeding the count and countess conversed between themselves, treating me as they would an old ac quaintance.

As my eye wandered around the room it fell upon a picture hanging opposite me. It was not the painting itself-a Swiss landscape, I think-that arrested my attention, but two small round bullet-holes which pierced the picture, one immediately above the other.

"Hump! that was a wonderful shot," I could not help remarking.

"Yes, indeed," said the count. "And you, are you a good shot?"

"Middling; with a pistol I am used to I can ait a card at thirty paces."

"Pretty good," said the countess; then, turning to her husband: "Could you do as

weller "I doubt it," he answered. "I used to be a good shot, but have not tried my hand for

over four years." "In that case, I'll wage you could not even hit a card at twenty paces. Without constant practice, one loses all dexterity. The best shot I ever knew split three bullets on the edge of a knife every day before dinner -but the practice was as great a necessity to him as the meal. Why, if there was a fly on the wallyou smile, countess, but I swear 'tis true-he called to his servant: "Consum, a pistol!"and bang! scarcely taking aim, there was the fly flattened out on the wall."

"Wonderfull" ejaculated the count, "And what was your friend's name?"

"Svivio." "You knew Sylviof" exclaimed the count excitedly starting up. "You know Sylvior" "I more than knew him-we were friends. In the regiment he was considered one of us. I have not hourd of him for five years; but to judge from your exclamation, count, your also knew him?

"Right well. If you were his friend, he must have told you a somewhat singular

"About a blow received at a ball." "Yes; and did he tell you who struck him?"

"No." I glanced at the counters. "it was you, count," I said.

"Yes, it was 1," exclaimed he, much agitated; and that pleture there is a memento

of our last interview." "Oh, dearest," pleaded the countess, "do not tell that slory. I can not bear it."

"I must. This gentleman knows how I in sulted his friend. Let him now hear now that friend was ravenged. I was married," he procooled, "five years ago. The first month of our honeymoon was spent here. This house holds the happiest and saddest memories of my life. One evening, returning late from a ride, I days. found before the door a traveling chaise, and was told that a stranger, who refused to give his name was awaiting me in my study, have trait. ing come on business relative to myself alone. I entered, and saw a tall, bearded man, dusty and travel-stained, leaning on the mantelpiece. I stood for a moment gazing at him.

"You do not know me, count? he asked. ""Sylvio!" I exclaimed, and confess that my hair stood on end.

" 'It is my turn to shoot,' he said: 'are you ready?

"There was a pistol in his belt. I bowed, in recognition of his right, and stood fronting him, only requesting him to shoot at once, be-

fore my wife came in. 'I can not see clearly,' he said; 'send for lights."

"This was done, and I returned to my prace. again asking him to be quick. He took aim, and I counted the seconds. My thoughts dwelt on my bride; it was a frightful moment. He dropped his hand and remarked:

"'Pity this pistol is charged with a bullet. America serves somewhat in the place of a in lieu of a cherry.' Then after a moment's kindly stepmother, is Stephen J. Meany. He pause, which seemed a century; 'Truly, I is a lawyer, author and newspaper man. In am not in the habit of shooting at a defenseless man; that would be more like a number able repu ation, but he is best known by his than a duel. We will draw lots again, and devotion to ireland. Whenever he though see who is to shoot first.'

finally loading my pistol. We then wrote terests were over our names on slips of paper, and drew from the water he went, the very cap my ball had pierced in our test sacrifleing every-

duel. Fortune favored me again. "You are very fortunate, count,' said people cars most Sylvio, with a smile I shall never forget. I know not how it happened, but my ball struck that picture, Sylvio raised his patriot in h.m. A hand again and took nim. The expression on his face told me I had given in John Sivno mercy to expect. At that supreme moment the door opened, Maria rushed in, and roes and Mariyra." with a cry of horror threw her arms around my neck. Her entrance restored my equanimity. Laughing gayly: 'You foolish girl, was in the summer

I said, 'why are you so frightened? Do you and fall of '85 when not see it is a joke-a wager! Come now, go and drink a glass of water, and come back and took part in the to be introduced to my old friend.' But she did not believe me.

" In heaven's name, sir,' she said, turning to Sylvio, 'is this true! Is it only a waget a oke?"

"'Of course-ob, of course,' answered he, it is only a joke. The count likes to joke. He once, in joke, struck me a blow; again, in joke, he put a bullet through this cap: and now, of course in joke, he missed killing me for the second time. It is now my turn to joke, and Sylvio leveled the pistol at my

"Maria understood, and cast herwif at his

"Oh, for shams! I cried: then turning to Sylvio: 'Come, sir, enough of this. Will you shoot yes or nor!

"'No,' he returned, 'I am satisfied. Twice have I made you shoot at me, and twice have you missed. I have seen your fear, your anguish, your terror. Remember, I leave you to your conscience.1

"He turned toward the door to leave, but wheeling suddenly, almost without an instant's aim, fired and went out. To mark his skill he had put a ball through that pictare immediately above mine.
"My wife had fainted. Sylvio passed out

unmolested, the servants who saw him go not daring to interfere. He was off before I had recovered my surprise."

The count ceased to speak. I had just heard the end of a story, in the beginning of which I had been so deeply in-

The count had never seen Sylvio again. Later, in 1820, when Alexander Ipsilanti gave the signal for the uprising in Greece, it was surmised that Sylvio was in command of a Greek regiment, and met his death in the battle of Drazachan.-Translated for The Argonaut from the Russian of Pushkin.

A WOMAN JOURNALIST!

Her After Dinner Speech at the Sorosis Hanquet.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Feb. 3 .- Sorosis held its seventeenth annual dinner, on the evening of the 234 ult., in Delmonicos elegant parlors. To these yearly bauquets the alleged "sterner sex ' are invited and treated with flattering consideration. They are even permitted to have their little say after the dinner is over. On this occasion the assemblage was made up of particularly eminent women and men, and the speeches were extraordinarily brilliant. Julia Ward Howe and Moncure D. Conway were unusually happy in their remarks, but the "hit" of the evening was made by Eliza Archard Connor, a New York journalist, originally from the west-from that notable and president producing state, Uhio.



PLIZA ARCHARD CONNOR. [Photographe : by Falk, New York]

She turned the tables on the men, "Gol bless 'em, ' and made them the kind of speech they are in the habit of making to upon the Buldaist theory of re-embediment upon the Buldmist theory of re-embodiment of son's, and fac-tiously declared that when she was reincarn ted as a man and they became women she would take revenge on which we a ngree was been, and belong 4 to the came women she would take revenge on them for the way they had broken her heart. There would be only one drawback in being a New York man, and that was that if she followed the present custom she would be obliged to keep her seat in the treet cars while women stood.

The delic ous hunor and satirs of the speech was received with uproarrous applance. Everybody was delighted with it. This lady, however, whose picture accompanies this, has other and more substantial elnies to the admiring consideration of the public. As a journa ist the has made an h nored mark. For years she was on the editornal staff of The Cincinna i Commercial. in correspondence she is particubrly happy. Her foreign letters to The Commercial, over the initials "E. A.," were copied far and wile.

She has the courage of her opinions, her fear essuess having male her journalistic reputation. In capacity for constant and conscientions hard work she probaby has but one equal, and that is Jennie June, She is a graduate of Antioch college in its best

Her sympathy for women in all their Her sympathy for women in all their the first of particles, "commenting it to the respect enriest undertakings is her distinguishing and production of the American people in general and the citizens of Westmurcland county in par-

She is one of the few women who grow handsome the longer they live. She has a delicate, flower-like face, colorless and symmetrical, prematurely gray hair, worn in soft, loose rings over an admirably poised maning. The plane represents it as it is an head. Her re emblance to Eilen Terry is marked. Though she speaks softly and has gentle manners, she fours nothing, and has one of the kindest hearts in the world.

She has special talent for public speaking, and may one day give the world the benefit of it. At present she is the editor of the cientific department of the American Press Association, having always had a strong taste for all phases of science. Her newpaper letters are signed Eliza Archard.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

Stephen J. Meany. Conspicuous among Irish patriots, to whem

all of these fiel is he has achieved an honorhe could serve her in any way by crossing "I think at first I refused, but remember the water, no matter what he personal in-

thing that ordinary for. There is the hero as well as the The last time he was ! in the old country

STEPHEN J. MEANY defense of Burton and Cunningham, accused of attempting to blow up the tower of London with d namita.

Mr. Meany is we I on in years now. He is an Irahman of Irishmen, a native of County Clare. His journalistic career began in 1842, when he was reporter on The Limerick Chroniele. He a terwards was employed on The Dublin Freeman White serving on this paper be traveled with Daniel O'Connell, and eported his speeches in shorthand. He came to this country and became proprietor of The Toledo | ho) Commercial. Always throwing up whatever he had on hand to serve ireland, it happened that he sellom remained long on any ose paper. He has been counceted as odi or al writer and editor with many journa's, among them The New

Vork Word and Star. Mr. Meany is now lying very ill in a New York hospital.

WASHINGTON'S FAMILY.

The English Ancestors of the Man Who Whipped England.

The author of the book entitled "Mothers of Eminent Men" said that while collecting material for her work she was many times forced to think that emilient men had no mothers, the difficulty of find-ing our anything about them being so great. In the case of Washington's father, though we know all ease of Washington's farher, though we know all about his amestry, we know but little of his char acter. His amestry can be traced back to the thir teenth contry, but of the man himself we know scarcely more than the date of his birth and death What he was in app arange, mind and character we cannot learn. They were not close chroniclers in that early day. The daily new-paper was unknown and the writers of biographies were few. And then, the lather of Washington died when the son who pusie him au object of interest to Americans was only it years old.



His name was Angustine Washington, and he was a wealthy Virginia planter. His first wife's name was Jane Butter. She'd ed baying three children. His second wife was Mary Ball, the mother of the Brst president of the United States. At the are of the Augustine Washington d.ed. By his second wife he had six colder, none of whom died in childhood. The Washingtons were the descendants of an old family of the English aristocracy. The name was first known about the middle of the thirteenth contury. Before that a manor of that name in the County, of Durham was owned by William de Heriburne, who, as was the custom in those days, took the name of his estate. From him descended both the English and American branches of the Washington family. Various mementoes prove that they were from the beginning people of wealth and distinction. The ancient seat of the family is said to be yet well preserved. It is of stone and caken tim-bered. In some of the rooms

37.5

are the remains of fine carv-ing; on the mantel pieces, elaborately curved, are the family arms, as represented in the picture, r chiy em blazened upon escutcheous. The sheld with the star-and stripes is Gen. Washing ton's seal. Two miles from Malmes bury, in the cemetery of Garden church there, is

* * *

memory of "Sir Lawrence Washington, Mis." grand son of the first proprietor of the name, and ancests of Gen. Washington. Sir Lawrence Washington died in May 1641. Two of his sons, John and Lawrence emigrated to Veginia in Part

16% and settled at Bridge Creek, on the Potomac In Westmore and county John Washington took part in the or livary expeditions against the tadians and attained the rank of colonia. He married Ann Pope and had two sons, Lawrence and John, and a daughter. Law-rones narried Midred War ner, of Gomest's county. and had three observed John, Augustine and Mil-dret. Augustine became the fasher of Gen. Walh-

Wa hing on was born was destroyed before the revicution. Govern W. P. Cast's placed upon Eastle a slab of freezone, represented in the see repairing "the ladies, God bless 'em," urging them "not to less their softness," and cologizing them for setting out the slippers when the women come home from telling and moding in the rule warfare of life. She touched the rule warfare of life. She touched the rule warfare of re-embodiment

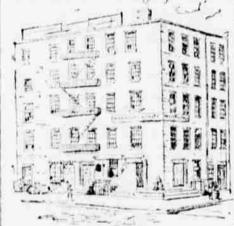


raised to the memory of Wallington. In June, 1874, a few days before the corner dense of the Washing too menument at Baltimore was laid. Mr. Custic, a flavier regiment of horse, Wilson Seynes, set a flavier's regiment of horse, Wilson Seynes, set a distinguished officer in the life Guard, and the again of "The Lady of the Lake," brought the inagrain of "The Lady of the Lake," brought the inerfhed tablet and deposited it with solomn ceremony. They wrapped it in"The blessed flag! Sign of our procious past,

Triumphan present and our future vast," And hore it in their particle arms to its resting pure. With the bricks of the old chimney that had some formed the horarch in the home of Washington's infinitely the constructed a rule pedestal upon which they revenity placed this, the first minimument to

A Historie Landmark.

France's tayern, where Washington had ble quar-ers when the British evacuated New York, is will



se but ding, located on the corner of Broad service tools leave of their beloved chief. Waching-ten entered the room where they were assembled and, tasting a glass of wine in his band, said, with a heart fall of love and are to "I now take leave of you. I must devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous at happy as your former ness have be lighter owan homerable." One by one this grasped his hand, while one and wept with hom. He leads such one, and wept with them. Herole would there had now through the lone and swind war with dry e..., but when it was over and peace separated toem, they went the women.



The first American Ball fight George Washington and the Esale van pil h John Bull

No Words

could express the agony I endured from Rhenma-tism, and it was all I could do to endure it. Orip-pled, not able to walk or sleep, I took two-thirds of a bottle of ATMOPHOLOS and in a few days was well." T. E. CHATFIELD, 355 12th Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

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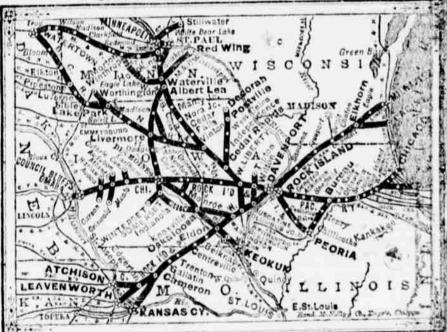
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